

Knights to the Sundae King by Pondermoniums

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Summary:

Billy watched him for a year, give or take, surprised beyond believe that his internet locale had become a camboy's streaming channel. A year of Billy denying to himself that he liked this camboy a hell of a lot more than a regular viewer should.

But the live streamer known as Scoops_Ah!y, or "Scoops," isn't a regular piece of dessert.

And a year of Billy's interaction in the channel earns him a special message, directly from the host himself - the invitation to join the

moderators, to get a seat behind the curtain, and maybe not be a regular viewer, after all.

Knights to the Sundae King

Author's Note:

I am SO SORRY to everyone who got an email for this yesterday LOL I added some tags and accidentally hit Post instead of Save as Draft. But we're here now!! It's my birthday (no, seriously) and I'll write about boys falling in love - or masturbating - if I want to.

Anyways, I've been reading ToaStranger's [Never Gets Old](#) for the 7th time and here we are.

Billy had watched him for a year, give or take.

He couldn't say how, exactly, he had even found the site. He had frequented the porn corners of the internet, sure, but he's pretty certain *this* site found *him*. The way scrolling too long through social media leads down a rabbit hole, and the algorithms and cookies eventually throw things your way and...

Billy wasn't complaining. He also wasn't jacking off since the site hosted an abundant mixture of homegrown, hilariously bad quality porn, as much as...premium content. A viewer had to pay extra for the premium stuff, of course. And that's how he found *Scoops_Ah!y*.

Because it was his celebratory stream for becoming a *Premium Partner*.

Last un-Premium Stream! said the title.

A lot of things drew Billy in. He didn't care for the ice cream chain, but the obvious reference to a family friendly business was ironically good branding, juxtaposed to a stupid lack of grammar in the title. The preview thumbnail was just a still frame from the on-going stream, which consisted of a young guy surrounded by colorful balloon ties of the balloons covering the ceiling around him. The couch in the background glittered with large confetti. But right there on display, rested a *Scoops Ahoy* uniform.

Billy popped into the stream right as the guy walked towards the camera, having gone to the couch to retrieve the white sailor's cap.

"Remember this thing? Who remembers this thing?" he laughed.

And Billy...might have felt his stomach drop at those large eyes gazing right into the camera. Large, sincere eyes crowning a pointed nose, prominent Cupid's bow lips, and dark hair arching and swooshing around it all. Never mind that he clearly wore some kind of full-bodied, black lingerie underneath a white t-shirt. Or that Billy had gotten too brief a glimpse of his silk-clad booty on his way to the couch. Or his thighs on his way back. Summer shorts tan lines.

The guy spun the hat on his fingertips. "God, I hated this thing. It always ruined my best feature. Yes, my best feature is my hair, you absolute degenerates."

Billy swallowed. He made an account right then and there. But he waited to buy Premium. He had to practice something like self-restraint.

Until the guy tugged a balloon down and sucked helium in order to make the most ridiculous porn moans Billy had ever heard. He bought Premium through sniffles and tears from laughing so hard.

The guy's own laughter faded back into his regular voice as he noticed something on his screen and read, "Thanks, *ScorpionSapphire*. I really appreciate it. Glad I could catch you before I was naked."

Billy felt like a dart had just thunked against his chest. He didn't dare reply. This guy noticing his—fake—name made this...a little too real.

But he kept going, reading names of Premium members to his channel like this was normal and Billy was just *e pluribus unum*.

Then the man leaned back in his desk chair and looked at the hat in his hand. He read the blue *Ahoy* on the brim and said, "What a ride. *Never* would I have believed this shitty summer job would have landed me someplace like this." He looked back at his monitor. "Where are my moderators? Mods? *Cherry*, you were my first mod. Do you remember me going live after my shifts? People were hornier

for the ice cream stains than for me.”

Billy focused on the chat moving alongside the screen. He found the user, *CherrySpit* easily enough. Various users had special icons next to their names, but *Cherry*, as well as the other moderators, all had little silver knights’ helms next to their names. Billy hovered his mouse over the different icons, seeing *Moderator* float over the helms, and little ice cream icons next to Premium members. When he finally typed into the chat, a little waffle cone with one pink scoop preceded his name.

ScorpionSapphire: *Cute icons.*

The man’s face lit up mid-sentence. “Thanks! My friend made them for me. Every three months you’ll get a scoop on your little cone, and then it switches to a sundae. There are tip icons too. *SizeKween*, over there, has one of the fruit toppings icons. There are commands for you guys to use in chat, if you want little blurbs for how things work and what stuff means. Obviously, I’m usually too preoccupied to talk to you guys much.”

He laughed breathily and *Lols* moved through the chat. Billy moved his mouse over the various fruit icons people had: sprinkles for spare change, cherries for small donations, pineapple chunks for medium ones, and halves of fruit for large.

One of the moderators typed *!help* into the chat, and an automated bot—called *Peach Sauce Bot*—entered a link into the forum. Billy clicked it into a new tab and read all of the various commands that could bring up explanations.

He clearly was not the only one, because commands began to fill the chat.

!icons

Peach Sauce: *Madame-Kiwi is our mighty graphic designer, and the only one allowed to call Scoops a dingus. Attempts will get you timed out.*

!scoops

Peach Sauce: *That’s what you may call your beloved host. Scoops.*

Pronouns he/him.

!measurements

Peach Sauce: *Scoops is four and a quarter inches flaccid (10.8 cm) and is very proud of being just shy of seven and a half inches (19 cm) full. You're welcome, pervs.*

Billy typed in, *!donate* and *!toppings*.

Peach Sauce: *Scoops isn't running a fundraiser right now! The next one is scheduled next month for The Youth Trans Fund. You can visit their website here __ , and be ready to use the donate button beneath the stream!*

Peach Sauce: *Toppings refer to tips directly to Scoops. You will get ice cream topping icons for reaching tip milestones! Scoops appreciates it, and uses your...hard...earned cash to improve the stream. Or fulfill your weird fantasies. You're welcome in advance. Scoops also retains the right to tell you to fuck off and refund you.*

Billy frowned. Because what's this sex worker doing, running charity streams? Like...a normal kind of live streamer.

Instead of asking, he typed, *Love your bot. Sassy.*

Scoops replied, "Thanks, *Scorpion*. Monster Kiwi operates the bot."

Then in chat appeared, *Madame-Kiwi: It's MADAME!*

He shook his head. "You're always Monster Kiwi in my heart."

The chat wanted to know the story behind that, and Scoops told them to wait a moment. Nobody understood why he came back with a dishtowel, a knife, and an actual kiwi. Some viewers made jokes about the knife.

Woah, not into knife play haha

Be careful, Scoops!

He ignored them to cut the fruit in half and held up the cross section.

“It’s a green vagina. See it?”

The chat exploded with mirth, astonishment, and a little bit of disgust.

Sooooo is Madame-Kiwi your sister?

Stepsister?

Madame-Kiwi’s a lesbian, guys lol That’s the joke.

Can we call you Monster Kiwi?

Madame-Kiwi: I will ban everyone who calls me monster or kiwi or monster kiwi. Including you, Scoops.

His head craned back with his laughter. God, what a gorgeous neck. Billy’s eyes locked onto that throat, going a little hazy with the movement of his adam’s apple. Following the line of that vein that ghosted under his skin as he breathed. It hit Billy in a different way how *pretty* this man was.

“Yeah, it’s just ‘Madame’ like we’re in the eighteen-hundreds.”

Billy...liked this place. The chat was obscene or ridiculous, as could be expected, but Scoops conversed with them as well as his moderators. He clearly had a close relationship with the mods, who actively participated in the forum as well as the tipping system, since their usernames hosted the knight’s helm, ice cream cone, and a topping.

Scoops frowned when a *Premium Gift Parcel* made confetti explode over Billy’s screen. “Pie-Face, you didn’t have to do that.”

The chat erupted in emojis of celebration as well as *Thank You*s to Pie-Face. The moderator simply typed, @scoops_ah!y *middle finger emoji.

Scoops snorted and resigned, “My mods love you guys more than me, clearly. Enjoy those premium memberships, guys. You can renew them next month, unless somebody drops another gift parcel in the meantime—that was not an incentive!”

More parcels made confetti and fireworks move on Billy's screen. Scoops' hand raked through his hair and came down to cradle his face while he watched it happen. Billy didn't know if the humble play got him more tips and Premium members, but he could see the moment Scoops decided on something.

He leaned back, one foot on the chair so his knee wagged from side to side while he silently observed the chat's goings-on. The chat knew something had changed too.

When do we get to see your new lace?

Sexy time? Sexy time!

Is that a P.O. Box teddy? Or the one chat voted on?

Scoops answered the latter, "I dressed myself for the occasion. We'll do a P.O. Box opening next week. And you'll see the voters' rewards on Friday."

He leaned forward enough to do something on his computer desk. It was close enough to the mic so they could hear quick typing on his keyboard, followed by indistinguishable rustling and squishing. When Scoops leaned back, he held a peeled, kiwi slice on his lips. He slid the fruit back and forth on his lower lip, making it shine as an errant drop slipped down his chin. Then he sucked on the fruit with an obscenely wet sound.

Billy popped a boner before he could really process the switch. When Scoops laid it on, he really didn't mess around. And it was subtle. That was the best part. His lashes didn't sag to mimic lust. He ate his fruit slowly, and let his face relax as he read the chat. He moved his tongue over the black seeds before sucking another wet sound off of it. He used the fruit to push his lips and *heaven help the poor idiot on the other side of the internet* when Scoops took a whole new slice into his mouth, only to make his cheeks go hollow as he slowly sucked off of it. His pubic bone was out of frame, but they could see his erection rising and filling his silk underwear.

And then Scoops just...stood up, and dropped his panties to the floor. Billy might've seen it as indecorous and a missed opportunity. A

missed chance to tease or flaunt—anything. If it weren't for the diamond cock ring.

Billy could barely appreciate the erection bobbing free from the silk. Or how the bodysuit underneath it split for all of Scoops to hang, or stand, free. Sparkling around Scoops' package—the whole package—were ever so faintly blue rhinestones. Billy refused to believe they happened to be the color of his eyes. He focused on the pink head, glistening ever so prettily as it stood out of its foreskin. A beautiful crown over those gently visible veins—

Scoops turned around. Billy couldn't keep up. Never in his life had he been *this* short of breath, horny to the point of his stomach being upset. Upset over a goddamn faux, diamond butt plug. Billy could see it because Scoops lifted his thigh to adjust his chair, and then plopped back down like that had been his intention the whole time. He smirked knowingly. "Costume jewelry's only cheap if you don't wear it right."

Billy held his face in the cage of his fingers, sitting crisscross on his bed like he wasn't hard as a rod in his sweatpants. *I'm going to die. This is where I die.*

And right there, he earned himself a banana tip icon, with the comment, *I've never seen anything so nonchalant in my life.*

Scoops burst into laughter, and fuck if it wasn't sincere and...cute. A real smile that lit up his face. "Thanks, Scorpion. A banana looks good on you. So! As I was saying about the uniform..."

Chat lost their minds. Demands of all kinds got thrown Scoops' way. Pleas for him to stand back up, to remove the t-shirt, touch himself, touch the plug, jerk off with the plug, bend over to really show them the plug and the rhinestones on the underside of his ball sack. On and on and on.

Eventually Scoops sighed, shaking his head as he stood up once more. However, not quite to appease chat's requests. He sauntered back to the couch for the shorts of his uniform. "You know, I never expected you guys to want to see my tits this badly. But I can admit to wanting to see this lace in these shorts. And, just to come full circle, a hard-on

in this uniform seems fitting.”

He did a little hop into the blue shorts with white striping on the hems. The white t-shirt over it, with the obvious teddy bodysuit underneath, made for a nice picture. But he whipped it off with as much preamble as the silk panties—that is, none at all.

Billy forewent breathing altogether. Scalloped, black lace plunged on either side of Scoops’ belly button, like beautiful arrows directly to his cock. Silk straps encircled his bare waist, holding the lace right to his skin. The only thing missing was a *long* string of pearls. Or diamonds.

The worst piece of it was that the shorts somehow *worked*. Scoops’ body had a strong frame, but lithe muscles. He was all man, and a beautiful one. The kind of physique of someone who preferred cardio, but was no stranger to muscle work. Billy wondered what his preferred exercise could be. Perhaps swimming. Or yoga. Then his mind thought of the ends of that hair damp with sweat, sticking up or clinging to his skin.

“I shaved for this,” he sauntered back to his camera. “Wanted to be extra fresh. These *Premium* viewers have *standards*,” he added in a melodramatic drawl.

Billy’s eyes widened. He couldn’t decide which would be better, but he definitely wanted to experience Scoops with the natural lace his body made around him.

Nothing wrong with bare skin or hair on something so pretty. Only the god-awful itch in between.

Scoops snapped his fingers and pointed to his screen. “Scorpion gets it!”

Billy smirked to himself. Goodness knew how often he used to shave for his own shitty summer job as a lifeguard.

Chat flitted up with requests. Put lotion on. Shave on stream. Wax for high tips. How much did he shave? Grow it all out and dye it.

Scoops reached for something out of frame as he scolded mildly, “I

think you've all forgotten why we're here."

A large green and gold-foiled champagne bottle emerged. Chat flew with champagne and confetti emotes as he balanced it on his thigh and tore through the foil. Billy watched his hair move and the subtle muscle flexes in his chest as he unwound the wire muselet. Billy didn't like to devalue any part of a body, because there was something to savor on every inch. But his favorite place had always been the mantle. Where the deltoids cap the shoulders, and the clavicles are the base of the triangle leading up the throat. The tops of the shoulder blades. Scoops had a beautiful mantle, and it all flexed when he gripped the cork instead of letting it shoot off.

"I have a deposit to get back, okay?" he defended before pouring into a tulip-shaped flute. "I've been holding onto something that I wanted to save for a special occasion. It's kinda dumb, but I'm excited."

Scoops held up a sachet, not unlike a ketchup packet. "I got this at an Oktober Fest. One of the stalls had all these beer cocktails with edible glitter, and they gave us these samples. It's not labeled, though, so I don't know what color this is going to be..."

Billy wondered how much stuff this guy had on his table, because he cut a corner of the packet with scissors. Then he poured, and his face lit up like a kid in a theme park. Scoops flailed a little, trying to stop pouring and set the packet down so he could use more later. He swirled the champagne, which flushed a stormy indigo shade. He reached for the camera lens, adjusting the zoom so he could swirl it up close, all of the shimmer moving behind the glass.

He had done this before, because he twisted the lens back in one gesture, and eased back in his seat. "I've never felt so powerful, oh my god. It's like a potion!"

Billy couldn't help but huff a laugh as the guy downed the entire glass in one sip. Chat voiced its confusion in various comments of sarcasm before Scoops explained, "Oh. Maybe I should've said that I only have one free sample. But I bought a whole jar to mix with my lube."

He picked up and held a small jar close to his face with a bashful

grin. Naturally, chat flew through emotes, but tips began triggering alerts on the screen as well.

“Aw, thanks, guys! No, my dick won’t be blue,” he laughed. “But it will be sparkly. Tonight is your night, *Twilight* fans.”

A few people in particular showed immense pleasure at this idea. One of the moderators, *CherrySpit*, typed: *But how will you guys get those shorts off?*

Scoops was busy pouring himself another glass, but by the time he grasped a half-empty bottle of lube and the jar, the screen erupted in Premium parcels again. “That’s the smart play—making sure you can be around for the next month of streams. Tips are great! I’m not ungrateful for tips! But the next stream is gonna be great, I’m just telling ya now.”

He went about pinching the micro-shimmer from the jar and screwing the lube cap back on. He shook it as he read off usernames of people delivering parcels and tips, being sure to say ‘thank you’ to each one. When he held up the bottle, he tipped it like a seesaw, watching the pearlescent shimmer move with the lube going from side to side. “What do we think? Is this enough?”

Chat’s resounding answer: *MORE!*

CherrySpit: Those shorts still aren’t off, folks.

Scoops quickly added, “I would just like it to be known that moderating is a volunteer job, and you get nothing for this, Cherry.”

CherrySpit threw a row of middle finger emojis into the chat, but the other moderators found this hilarious. A couple even bought smaller parcels. Until *Pie-Face* gifted a parcel of one hundred Premium memberships. And then another.

Those large, brown eyes took up half of Scoops’ face. “Pie-Face! What are you doing? Somebody timeout Pie-Face!”

He planted his elbow on his armchair and caught his face again, shaking his head. Begrudgingly, endearingly, he grumbled, “Thank you, Pie-Face.”

Without sitting up, he raised the bottle above his higher shoulder, cap popping open from his thumb, and squeezed. He rolled that shoulder back, opening his chest and making the light spark off of the bright, pearlescent lube slithering down his front.

For some reason, the chat filled with a different emoji. A crown.

The side of Scoops' mouth quirked up. "The king chooses the music. That's right."

The low synthwave music playing in the background faded out and something began to take its place. Billy liked the base. It had an almost ominous feeling and build up—

Miley Cyrus was the last person he expected to start singing, but Scoops began to slowly stand from his chair in time with the beat. He plucked up the sailor hat, twirling it around his fingers and dropping it lopsided on his hair while his hips went to work. Slow and steady...and the man could dance. Someone in chat griped about this strip tease involving more and more clothes, but Billy didn't mind one bit.

So gimme what I want

Or I'll give it to myself

The song was clearly about sex. And oddly applicable to the fantasy Scoops was providing.

I don't need a future

I don't need your past

I just need a lover

So gimme what I want

Or I'll give it to myself.

The backs of Scoops' fingers stroked the side of his neck before his hand turned over to slide over his chest. His fingers made slicked detours under the lace to touch his nipples, making them shimmer

when he moved his straps further to the sides of his shoulders. Those laced edges still covered some of his nipples, but he reached once more for his champagne glass, unbothered.

Billy noticed someone in chat typed: *I'm new, but I don't wanna break up the party haha*

ScorpionSapphire: *!help*

Madame-Kiwi: *!help*

Madame-Kiwi: *Thanks @scorpionsapphire*

Peach Sauce: *Welcome! Moderators are happy to answer your questions. Or you can use the commands to answer some common curiosities from this list __.*

Billy tossed in the emoji of two champagne flutes cheers-ing each other and moved to sit back against his headboard and pillows.

I can tell you're new to this

Slow it down, but you can't resist

Beat your fantasy

Give yourself to me.

Scoops had moved the chair behind him during his song. As he leaned forward, elegantly rolling his body or moving his hips from side to side, it was not unlike a lap dance to an invisible person. Or whoever wanted to imagine themselves in the seat.

His thumbs hooked into the shorts, and they began to lower. But only enough to show his hipbones, the diving silk splitting for his penis, and the arch of that diamond ring. Tips flew through the chat, usernames next appearing with various toppings icons. Some had a freshly established ice cream cone.

Madame-Kiwi: *!icecreamparty*

Peach Sauce: *Look at all that ice cream! Scoops may be a little*

preoccupied, but he'll see all of your tips and comments when he gets some time. Thank you so much!

The song began to repeat, but nobody complained. Billy wondered where Scoops learned to dance like that. Enough time on stream could ease comfort, but only experience and personality granted someone the ability to move with a beat. Scoops was goofy, for sure, as he did a tiny robot dance with his arms, but it flowed so smoothly with everything else it hardly mattered...

He leaned forward, rolling his lips up close to the camera, and Billy could hear typing.

Scoops_Ah!y: *!poll*

Peach Sauce: *Poll time! Scoops needs your input!*

A small window opened on the corner of the stream with two options. *Front or back.*

The poll bars jumped and fluctuated as if they were reacting to the music instead of viewers' preferences. A time limit counted down at the top of the window. Billy voted for the front.

Tips kept coming in. Chat members begged for one or the other even after voting. The poll swung in one direction and then the other and back in the time it took for the countdown to reach its finish.

I can tell that you're new to this

Slow it down, but you can't resist

Beat your fantasy

Give yourself to me.

The front won. The poll window closed on its own and chat both celebrated and argued over the merits of front versus back. Billy just wanted to see his face, which smiled as he reached behind him.

Billy's stomach swung like a trapeze artist as Scoops' features melted into a sigh of ecstasy. His chest sank and rose with his breath, and

after a long moment, he waved at the camera with a prostate massager-shaped plug. “Another time.”

It seemed like a large number of people regretted voting for the front.

Scoops fell back into his desk chair, fully in view this time. They hadn’t gotten to see him drop the shorts, but they were long gone now. Scoops’ erection rested on his leg, but he slid his shimmering, wet fingers right where the plug had been. Billy’s cock pulsed with every twitch of Scoops’ penis standing high on its own. For the first time tonight, he finally uncovered his erection, tucking his sweatpants under his balls.

Scoops uncapped the lube. He let it drizzle his penis like honey. Billy’s fist moved over so much precum he shivered, oversensitive. Scoops poured and poured, until his hand gripped the base of his cock, catching all of the silver and gold pearl lubricant. Thick drops slipped free around his hand, staining his dark chair brightly.

Billy’s hand moved unconsciously. Slowly—he wanted to enjoy this—but as he watched Scoops’ hand pump himself twice with agonizing pace, the man on his screen let his head fall back. His jaw went slack despite his brows tightening and the veins in his neck engorging beautifully.

He...just came.

Billy sat in awe while the chat celebrated with fireworks emojis and demanded to know what he was doing inside his ass to make him cum that fast.

CherrySpit: *Are you all gonna be nice and let him take the diamonds off?*

Many ideas to trade the cock ring for the butt plug moved through the forum. Scoops wasn’t paying attention. His throat and chest had flushed a wanton pink and he still had not recovered from his long and dry orgasm; ironically restricted by the ring, but made that more intense by his inability to ejaculate. He released his penis, but it only slanted a little—still very much erect.

Somehow he collapsed even more into the chair, blinking dazedly

and imploringly at the ceiling as he said huskily, “I’d kill for a mouth on my nipples.”

Billy’s eyelids felt like they were made of lead; heavy, as he gazed at this beautiful man, so entirely blissed out and still not satisfied.

The amount of *I VOLUNTEER AS TRIBUTE* in the chat was honestly ridiculous. Scoops resettled his head on the chair so he could read the forum and hummed along to the music. Then, his head tilted to the other side. “Oh yeah? What are you gonna do for me so far away?”

Oh.

Now Scoops was feeling *mean*.

Billy might’ve laughed, out loud, and harder than he meant to. The chat sure as hell filled with a positive variety:

He’s so hot when he’s in daddy mode.

Whatever you want, King!

Both! Front and back!

Back! Back! Fuck the plug!

Scoops burst into guffaws that had him red in the face as he read between heaved breaths, “Make...that dick...blow like...champagne! AAH!”

Billy’s gaze flicked down to Scoops’ hand as his laughter began to settle. He still hadn’t taken his fingers out of his ass. Scoops pushed his other hand into his hair, raking it all to the other side and removing the sailor’s cap in one gesture. He gripped the hat under his chin, rubbing a knuckle over his lips while he thought about something. “*I did* want to use this...”

He traded the hat for the plug, just holding it close as he waited for his viewers to react. Without any announcement, he pulled a lever on the side of his chair, and craned it back. They had the view of his ass and scrotum that they had wanted so desperately at the start. With as much preamble as anything, Scoops threw a leg over the chair’s arm,

and removed his fingers to ease the plug inside, still slick from before.

They could hear his sigh. With the foot he had on the floor, he rotated the chair just to put him at a slight diagonal. His cock pulsed against the thigh resting on the chair, glistening in the light. Scoops pushed on the large rhinestone, tilting and finding his prostate. He shuddered all over, and began to slowly thrust the plug in and out.

Beat your fantasy

Give yourself to me.

Tips and toppings flowed through the chat, making a sporadic rainbow as viewers celebrated the show they wanted. Celebrated Scoops' achieving Premium Partnership. Who knew how many times the song repeated, because it was just low enough to be heard without eclipsing Scoops' breathy moans, or the creaks of his skin against the chair. Sometimes his head lifted, looking down at himself, swiping a thumb over his cockhead before falling back on the chair. His chest arched up like a wave building to move down his body, finishing in the undulation of his pelvis around the plug.

His hand moved to the base of his erection, making it last this time. Billy couldn't help but do the same, forcing his spiking, desperate pleasure to wait. Because the moment his mind envisioned climbing onto that chair with Scoops, the fantasy of draping his legs on either side of the chair and easing himself onto that glistening cock...the telltale cramp of reaching the cliff's edge of an orgasm made Billy choke on his own moans. To have those lubed hands leave pearl and gold signatures over his own thighs and waist—Billy's dick throbbed and pulsed at the idea. He'd even grab that stupid hat and drop it over his amber-gold curls to ride this ice cream king to their mutual finishes.

Give it to me, babe

Give it to me, babe

He climaxed with Scoops whether he meant to or not. A soft, high little sound escaped Scoops as he leaned up just to find the cock ring

and open the snap enclosure with a little jerk. That first little geyser pulled Scoops' pelvis up, like strings moved through all of his body, and he pulled on them, *hard*. The sound of his voice—low in his chest yet high in a husky whine—hit, electrified, and melted into Billy's brain with the ache of permanence. Scoops' moans would be ricocheting throughout his brain for *days*, if not more. Those exhalations in which his voice escaped as he came and came and came, mixing cum, lube, and micro-shimmer across his beautiful skin and lace.

Give it to me

Give to me and nobody else, babe.

Author's Note:

THANK YOU to everyone on tumblr who interacted with my post about trying to figure out Billy's occupation in this fic haha I think I finally have it nailed down, and it will be explained in the next one ~ More rounded-out plot will come later, but I wanted this first chapter to be about Billy's first encounter with Scoops <3 Just a big splash in the deep end between a lifeguard and sailor~~

You'll probably be able to guess, and it's not really spoiling, but Madame-Kiwi is Robin, and CherrySpit is Tommy. I've never written a fic where I explore Tommy as a character, so here he is~ And yes, I watch way too much Twitch.

[Twitter~](#)

[Tumblr~](#)